On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him diſloyall,
Couragiouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignall to begin.
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and ſet foorth Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his warder downe.
King. Let them lay by their Helmets, & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe Dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and liſt.
What with our Counſell we haue done,
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be ſoyld
With that deare blood which it hath beene foſtered:
And for our eies do hate the dire aſpect
Of ciuill wounds ploughd vp with neighbours ſword:
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride,
Of skie-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With riual-hating Enuie ſet on you,
To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle
Drawes the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleepe,
Which ſo rouzd vp with boyſtrous vntunde drummes,
With harſh reſounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhocke of wrathfull yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore we baniſh you our territories.
You Cooſin Herford, vpon paine of life,
Till twice fiue Summers haue enricht our field,
Shall not regreete our faire Dominions,
But tread the ſtranger pathes of baniſhment.
Bul. Your will be done; this muſt my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, ſhall ſhine on me,
And thoſe his golden beames vnto you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and guild my baniſhment.
King. Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doome,
Which

Which I with ſome vnwillingne
The ſlie ſlow howres ſhall not de
The dateleſſe limit of thy deare e
The hopeleſſe word of neuer to
Breath I againſt thee, vpon pain
Mow. A heauie ſentence, my
And all vnlookt for from your h
A dearer merit, not ſo deepe a
As to be caſt foorth in the comm
Haue I deſerued at your Highne
The language I haue learnd the
My natiue Engliſh now I muſt fo
And now my tongues vſe is to m
Than an vnſtringed violl or a ha
Or like a cunning inſtrument ca
Or being open, put into his han
That knowes no touch to tune t
Within my mouth you haue in
Doubly perculliſt with my teeth
And dull vnfeeling barren ignor
Is made my layler to attend on
I am too old to fawne vppon a N
To farre in yeares to be a Pupill
What is thy ſentence but ſpeach
Which robbes my tongue from
King. It bootes thee not to be
After our ſentence, playning co
Mow. Then thus I turne me
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of e
King. Returne againe, and tak
Lay on our Royall Sword your h
Sweare by the dutie that y'owe t
(Our part therein we baniſh with
To keepe the oath that we admi
You neuer ſhall, ſo helpe you tr
Embrace each others loue in ba
Nor neuer looke vpon each oth
Nor neuer write, regreete, nor re